

A Letter Written In Queer Longing

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I miss our walks
I miss our time spent staring at nothing and at everything
Watching the water move in and out
Watching and feeling the willow branches sway and caress as her
fingers lingered across the rippling water
A cig here
A tear there
A smile most everywhere
And of course always a sparkle
A continual pricking
Breaking our skin
Forever leaving those lines and marks
Only to fade
You hold my head in your lap
You always loved my unpractical nails
I have to apologize for at this moment I have fallen off the nail biting
wagon
But I promise I'll break the habit again for you
You always traced your fingertips along my hairless thighs
And the innermost canal of my collar bone
Back and forth
Together we discovered ourselves
Together we found our old names
You made me feel the way I have always needed to feel
A feeling unknown within this life but forever familiar
You are the only one that has ever brought me flowers
Even still
They hang dry on my wall
Desperately clutching to every last petal
You always took care of me
You could always make me blush
You are the dirtiest dirt gay I have ever met
And I love it.
I miss you
I miss your touch
I miss your care
I love you deeply
With all my heart

- A love of your life